

# Amorphis, Tuonela

&quot;Sorrow is my bread  
And tears I drink as wine  
Oblivion my happiness  
Ground under teeth of time  
For cold be the stone  
When frost devoured the land  
Consolation is no gift  
Of winter's icy hand  
Upon a crust of snow  
I'll lay my broken frame  
What steel and iron won't take  
I'll give in winter's name  
No good a sullen soul no use a simple knave  
No groom for brides of plaited hair  
This man old and lame  
If only I could breathe  
To see the sun of may  
but still longer are the nights than days  
As I wither away  
Came the man of crown  
With sound of war drums beat  
Said no sword arm's strong enough  
Without my two good feet  
But not overlooked am I  
In eyes of the maid I'll wed  
I'll reap the crops of Tuonela  
My bride's wealth in death

&quot;